Rosemary

EXT. BRAMFORD - (DAY) - AUGUST 1, 2010

Panoramic of New York from a high building, finishing on the Bramford. Each building is notable for particular architectural elements.

ROSEMARY WOODHOUSE enters the door of the Bramford.

EXT. BRAMFORD LOBBY - (DAY)

MS. NICKLAS is a small and dapper woman; her fingers missing from both hands.

MS. NICKLAS

Welcome to the Bramford.

(Ringing for the elevator with her middle finger)

It’s become the hot new thing, I’ve heard. What brings you here?  
  
 ROSEMARY

Looking for a new place to set up shop, meet some new people, you know. Looks fun.

MS. NICKLAS

Exciting. I’m sure you’ll find a home here. We have a number of kindred spirits.

The elevator doors slide open. They enter.

INT. ELEVATOR - (DAY)

Oak-paneled, covered by a mural, with a matte black handrail.

MS. NICKLAS

I’ll press the button.

(She presses “seven” on the elevator)

Originally the smallest apartment was a nine - they’ve been broken up into fours, fives, and sixes. Seven E is a four that was originally the back part of a ten. Nobody’s really, well, restructured them yet. It has, you know, the master bedroom for a living room, another bedroom for its bedroom, and two servants’ rooms thrown together for its dining room, for company.

ROSEMARY

Too bad there haven’t been more renovations. But I look forward to it. The city hasn’t been too supportive of the renovations, I know. The Council wants to do away with permits but it just isn’t happening.

The elevator stops.

INT. HALLWAY - (DAY)

Dimly lighted, walled and carpeted in dark green. They pass a green door with a sculpture-shaped gap in the middle unpainted, appearing to have once had more decoration.

Ms. Nicklas leads the way to the right and then to the left, through short branches of dark green hallway. The wallpaper is rubbed away and curling inward in places. One of the bulbs in a cut-glass sconce is dead. The dark green carpet is patched with light green tape.

MS. NICKLAS

The previous tenant, Ms. Gardenia, passed away only a few days ago and nothing has been moved yet. Her friend I spoke with asked me to say that some of the furniture can be had practically for the asking.

They reach the door of apartment Seven E.

ROSEMARY

Did she die in the apartment? Not that it -

MS. NICKLAS

On, no, in a hospital.

Ms. Nicklas presses the pearl bell-button (the name L. Gardenia is mounted above it on a black plastic).

MS. NICKLAS

She’d been in a coma for weeks.

Ms. Nicklas turns a key in the lock. Despite lost fingers she works the knob and throws the door smartly.

MS. NICKLAS

You go first. She was very old and passed away without ever waking. You know we all want all that over with - death, I mean. It’s a shame when it happens.

INT. THE APARTMENT - (DAY)

Four rooms divided two and two on either side of a narrow central hallway that extends in a straight line from the front door. The first room on the right is the kitchen. It has a six-burner gas stove with two ovens, a mammoth refrigerator, a monumental sink, dozens of cabinets, a high ceiling and a window on Seventh Avenue. Opposite the kitchen, another room with windows facing onto a narrow courtyard9 which has apparently been used as a combination study and greenhouse. Hundreds of small plants, dying and dead, stand on jerry-built shelves under spirals of unlighted fluorescent tubing; in their midst a roll-top desk spilled over with books and papers.  
  
As they are looking through the apartment, Ms. Nicklas continues:  
 MS. NICKLAS

Such a damn shame. Shouldn’t have good women still dying like that.

Rosemary investigates the desk. She leaves Ms. Nicklas and goes to it, stepping over a shelf of withered brown fronds. She touches the old wood. It is a handsome desk, broad and gleaming with age. On mauve paper, graceful blue penmanship “...than merely the intriguing pastime I believed it to be. I can no longer associate myself…” Rosemary looks up at Ms. Nicklas.

ROSEMARY  
 Can I have it? I want this desk.

MS. NICKLAS

I don’t know. I could find out for you.

ROSEMARY

It’s something.

Rosemary looks at the closet filled with potted seedlings.

ROSEMARY

Mint. Basil.

Further along the hall is a guest closet on the left and, on the right, a wide archway opening into the Living Room. Two large bay windows, small fireplace and high oak bookshelves.

MS. NICKLAS

The fireplace works.

Ms. Nicklas, standing behind Rosemary, turns to the bedroom opposite. Its windows are facing on to the same narrow courtyard as those of the study. The bathroom is beyond the living room; big and full of bulbous white brass-knobbed fixtures.

ROSEMARY

This’ll do just fine.

Ms. Nicklas stops short and looks at a plastic desk at the head of the central hallway.

MS. NICKLAS

That’s odd. There’s a closet behind that desk. I’m sure there is.

Ms. Nicklas goes closer to the desk. Rosemary watches calmly.

ROSEMARY

Looks like she must have moved it.

She points to a peaked silhouette left ghost-like on the wall near the bedroom door, and the deep prints of four ball feet in the burgundy carpet. Faint scuff-trails cure and cross from the four prints to the desk’s feet where they stand now against the narrow adjacent wall. Ms. Nicklas picks up the desk and moves it back to its place.

MS. NICKLAS

She loved this layout. Not quite like her to move it around.

ROSEMARY

Open that closet up.

Ms. Nicklas goes to the door and opens it. The closet is nearly empty; a vacuum cleaner at one side and four wood boards at the other. The overhead shelf is stacked with blue and green bath towels.

ROSEMARY

Why would she cover up her vacuum cleaner and her towels?

MS. NICKLAS

I guess we’ll never know. Maybe she was getting a little crazy. She’d been around for a while, you know. Is there anything else you need to see here?

ROSEMARY

Yes. Where are the laundry facilities?

INT. CLAIRE’s APARTMENT - KITCHEN - (NIGHT) - August 5, 2010

Small, well-equipped.

Rosemary is leaning against a tall refrigerator, glass of wine in her hand. CLAIRE, wearing an apron and one oven glove, is bent double, looking in the oven. She is English, has a broad shiny face and a few strands of wetted-down hair combed crossways over her skull.

CLAIRE

I was tempted to write to the management that you missed having men around. Instead, I lied and said that you’d be a wonderful tenant.

ROSEMARY

Thanks, Claire. I really do not and you of all people know that.

CLAIRE

I hope I can convince you not to move in. You’re making a big mistake. That place had a woman in the 80s who, how do I put this, said she conjured up Satana. The Devil herself. Nobody’s really sure who fucked up Satan but I bet it was her, Adrian Marcato. The embodiment of evil can’t really get any better, though. The Trench sisters were around for a long while, before it all, and they had their little dietary experiments there.

ROSEMARY

Dietary experiments? So this is where we got that crap new caviar flavor of Coke then?

CLAIRE

Rosemary, I’m talking about cannibalism. They ate several young children, including a niece.

ROSEMARY

Lovely. Satana’s not a thing though, I don’t even know what you’re talking about. Heaven was an arbitrary goal for men, remember?

CLAIRE

I’m not too sure Hell was, Rosemary. Some weird women have lived at the Bramford.

ROSEMARY

The Bramford, though, isn’t that where Francis figured it out? Resetting the clock? Francis said it was when she was just staring out the window there.

CLAIRE

I couldn’t tell you. It’s impressive, sure. Maybe there are some exceptions, but the place is rotten. Why deliberately enter a danger zone? I’m trying to talk you out of it.

ROSEMARY

Give me some more wine so I can put up with your bullshit, Claire.

CLAIRE

Sure, but it’s not bullshit. Don’t move in there if you know what’s best for you.

ROSEMARY

I know what’s best for me. You know what’s best for you. I’ll just have to come over here to see you whine about my choices. I’ll do it.

INT. ROSEMARY’S NEW APARTMENT - (DUSK) - AUGUST 7, 2010

Rosemary enters. She carries a light and a shopping bag. The apartment is empty except for a few pieces of furniture in the den, from Ms. Gardenia’s friend. The rooms are dark and full of shadows. Faint blue light comes through the windows. Rosemary turns to the bedroom to look at the bed she had gotten; there are many packages spread on the floor. Rosemary kneels, opens a wooden crate, and pulls out three plates from the shavings. We hear a woman’s voice from behind the wall, muttering to herself.

MS. CASTEVET (o.s.)  
 I could sure use some root beer.

Rosemary glances curiously in the direction of the voice. She walks to the living room and stops to look at the closet at the end of the hallway. She goes to it and opens it quickly. She takes out one of the four boards leaning against the side, turns it and looks at it. She plugs a lamp in to let light seep in. She sees that the closet has shelves. She goes into the kitchen and begins to make dinner.

ROSEMARY

I could make a whole routine about moving in here. Root beer woman. Those crazy rumors, imagine if root beer woman came in here with a craving for something different. Maybe she’d make a worse Coke flavor.

INT. BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - (DAY) - August 16, 2010

Pastel colors adorn its walls with an array of combined machines for washing and drying clothes on the wall. Rosemary sits with her computer, muttering ideas to herself idly next to a machine. TERRY, a woman Rosemary’s age, enters. She is dark-haired and wears a jacket with a fascinating star pattern on it. Terry carries a yellow plastic laundry basket. She nods at Rosemary and then, not looking at her, goes to one of the machines and begins feeding dirty clothes into it.

Rosemary stares at the women. Terry finishes putting in the clothes, closes the door, starts the machine; the water begins to fill up. Terry turns and catches Rosemary’s look and smiles questioningly.  
  
 ROSEMARY

Your jacket. It’s cool. Where’d you get that?

TERRY

It’s for the New Era Medical Alliance. It’s their symbol, have you not seen it?

ROSEMARY  
No, never. I can’t say I’ve heard the name. Are you the ones who, you know, got rid of the need for children?

TERRY

Well, it wasn’t me, but it was them. The jacket is a gift.

Terry extends a hand, still slightly wet from working with the laundry.

TERRY

I’m Terry Gionoffrio.

Rosemary smiles and shakes hands.

ROSEMARY

I’m Rosemary Woodhouse. I’m a new tenant here.

TERRY

I’m staying with Ms. Castevet. Seventh floor. I’m their guest, sort of, since June.

ROSEMARY

Oh, my apartment used to be the back part of yours a long time ago.

TERRY

Wow, you took the old women’s apartment? Ms. -

ROSEMARY

Gardenia.

TERRY

Gardenia. She was a good friend of Minnie. Ms. Castevet, that is. Just a little older than we are, I think she was one of the last women born. She used to grow herbs and things and bring them in for Ms. Castevet to cook with.

ROSEMARY

I’ve seen those plants.

TERRY

Now Ms. Castevet grows her own things. What’s your calling? You know, what makes you tick?

ROSEMARY

I do comedy. You know how many women have been working on jokes. It’s a blast, not quite as much to joke about since things are so damn good, but there’s material. What about you?

TERRY

I like to tinker, make this and that. I helped a little with making these machines so fast, you know.

ROSEMARY

Could be faster, you know. Think you’re gonna need to get to work on that. Your machines aren’t bad, though.

TERRY

Listen, we could come down together regular to do laundry.

ROSEMARY

That would be great!

Terry seems to seek words and then:

TERRY

I’ve got a good luck charm that’ll maybe do for both of us!

She pulls away the collar of her blouse, draws out a silver neckchain and shows Rosemary on the end of it a silver filigree ball a little less than an inch in diameter.

ROSEMARY

Nice.

TERRY

Isn’t it? Ms. Castevet gave it to me. It’s good luck, or anyway it’s supposed to be. There’s some stuff inside it.

Rosemary looks more closely at the charm Terry holds out between thumb and fingertips. It is filled with a greenish-brown spongy substance which presses out against the silver openwork. She draws back, wrinkling her nose.

ROSEMARY

Better be pretty lucky, that’s some smelly shit in there.

TERRY  
Well, I think it works. You know, it was so nice of Ms. Castevet to give it to me. She’s such a wonderful person. She picked me up off the sidewalk - literally.

ROSEMARY

You were aimless?

TERRY  
I was hungry, that’s for sure, and had no friends. I’m not really sure she took me in but she’s been such a kind friend. I was worried at first, like she’d want me to be her daughter or something and didn’t understand where all the new children had come from. It wasn’t like that, though, she’s with the times. She’s been working so hard on helping the world, it seems. Nothing like what I thought originally. She just wants everyone to live forever.

ROSEMARY

That’s great. Listen, I gotta work on this material some more. I got a performance for some of the women around here tomorrow. They come to see me every week and I can’t miss this one in favor of talking. I’ll see ya around, Terry.

TERRY

Bye, see ya later!

INT. ROSEMARY”S APARTMENT - (DAY) - AUGUST 19, 2010.

Rosemary is unwrapping a tall ice bucket. Claire is walking around admiring the half-furnished room. Rosemary walks over to Claire.

CLAIRE

How are things, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

Pretty good. The show went well. I somehow keep finding new material. I love how much creativity flows sometimes. Sometimes, I wonder what it would’ve been like back in the day, when we’d come up with an idea and some man would say it so much louder and everyone would laugh more. We’d try to make more material and they’d just talk and want sex and attention. Gah. I love this life, Claire, and we get to fuck around like this forever.

CLAIRE

Any weird shit happening?

ROSEMARY

Not really. You ever hear about the Alliance though? Something called the New Era Medical Alliance.

CLAIRE

Yeah, but not sure you wanna be thinking about that, Rosemary. Best to enjoy the benefits. We all do what we can. You hear about that here?

ROSEMARY

I did, from this new friend of mine I met working on laundry.

CLAIRE

Be careful, Rosemary. I told you, this place is weird. It feels like some people have wanted change a little too fast and I fear a lot of that has come from this very building. Maybe even from your new friend. Some people think we fixed everything when men left the picture. We got our privacy, sure, and we got our bodies, but I don’t think you’ve thought a lot about how exactly we cured so much so fast.

ROSEMARY

I’ll tell you how, brilliance. If it came from here then that’s great. Guess the cannibals were the exceptions.

CLAIRE

Certainly didn’t help.

EXT. STREET - (NIGHT) - AUGUST 27, 2010

Rosemary walks with her computer under arm. As she approaches the outside of the Bramford, she sees a human body on the ground. Around the body is a crowd of what had to be a hundred women, all crying. Rosemary approaches and joins the crowd, aware that they must be mourning a woman that did not need to die, but still went in a freak accident. An older woman dressed in white robes approached, appearing tired.

MS. CASTEVET

Who is it? I’m a doctor, Minnie Castevet.

MS. NICKLAS

Minnie, it’s your guest. Look.

Terry is the one lying on the ground, with blood surrounding her.

MS. CASTEVET

I can’t believe it. I had nothing to do with this, you know.

MS. NICKLAS

Of course we know that. No woman would harm another like that. It feels like a loss of a friend for all of us.

ROSEMARY

Minnie, she was really great. You clearly helped her so much.

Ms. Castevet smiles at Rosemary. A WOMAN speaks from the center of the crowd through tears.

WOMAN

Fuck it all! We got rid of this. No more war, no more death, no more control, remember? We got rid of all diseases, all the shit the men brought us. We made biology so much simpler, used the data, then this happens to one of us. Must be a stubborn dude still around here somewhere. I mean, it’s not, though. We’ve all been so careful. It’s just, luck, I guess? Fuck this. Tonight, we mourn.

All the women in the crowd shout in agreement as more women join them. All the women cry more violently. Ms. Castevet seems slightly too calm for the situation.

INT. ROSEMARY”S APARTMENT - (DAY) - AUGUST 30, 2010.

Rosemary is working on her laptop. Somebody knocks on the door. She goes to the door and looks through the peephole. Ms. Castevet looks solemnly straight ahead as if posing for a photograph. Rosemary opens the door.

ROSEMARY

Hey, Minnie. Hope you’re feeling better about Terry and all that. Wanna see the place?

MS. CASTEVET

Thank you, Rosemary. I’d love to talk to you and see your setup.

Ms. Castevet comes in as Rosemary holds the door slightly open. She wears the same white robe previously; a doctor’s robe.

MS. CASTEVET

I just wanted to say I appreciate what you told me the other night. When Terry was, you know. I thought I had done something to harm her, almost, but she had a note. It was suicide and I clearly hadn’t. You’ll never know how much you helped by saying that. I just wanted to help her.

ROSEMARY

Of course, Minnie.

MS. CASTEVET

I had to take her to the crematorium yesterday. Luckily, the place was empty otherwise. I’ll try my best to move on from it.

Ms. Castevet looks around the apartment and smiles. She sees Rosemary’s paper on the table with curiosity. Rosemary drew a sketch from memory of the design on Terry’s jacket, while the heading states the document is for a comedy set.

MS. CASTEVET

That’s a weird symbol to be writing on a comedy routine. You know about it?

ROSEMARY

Terry told me about an organization that helped us so much, said she got a jacket that had it as a gift from someone.

MS. CASTEVET

Great work they’ve done, right?

ROSEMARY

If they’ve had any part in keeping men out of us then I love it.

MS. CASTEVET

That’s good to hear. Nice to have disease gone too, right? You ever think about that?

ROSEMARY

Always. I can’t imagine how much it would hurt to lose any of our sisters. That’s why I couldn’t stand seeing Terry dead.

MS. CASTEVET

It’s hard for everyone. I’ll leave you to it, neighbor. Wanna come over for dinner tonight? I’ve got a two inch thick sirloin steak sitting defrosting right this minute.

ROSEMARY

Sure, I’ll see you soon!

MS. CASTEVET

Thank you, Rosemary. It’ll be tough not having Terry around.

Ms. Castevet leaves, smiling with a glint in her eyes.

INT. MS. CASTEVET’S APARTMENT - (DUSK)

A large foyer with a rectangular table set for two. It has a plain white cloth, plates that don’t all match, and bright ranks of steel utensils. The room is oddly furnished; at the fireplace end there is a settee, a lamp table and a few chairs. At the opposite end an office-like clutter of file cabinets, bridge tables piled with newspapers, overfilled bookshelves and a laptop on a metal stand. There are clean squares on the walls as if pictures had been removed.

Ms. Castevet walks with Rosemary to the settee. She leaves and returns with two cocktail glasses run over with clear pink liquid.

MS. CASTEVET

It looks like I overfilled the glasses. I try to pour these out precisely as a bartender but this evening I made a little too much and rather…I’m afraid…there we are. This is a Vodka Blush. Have you ever tasted one?

ROSEMARY

Don’t think so.

MS. CASTEVET

They’re very popular in Australia.

Rosemary takes a glass, thanks her and sits.

MS. CASTEVET

Welcome to my home.

ROSEMARY

Thanks, Minnie. Do you come from Australia?

MS. CASTEVET

Oh no.

(Sitting and crossing her legs)

I’m from right here in New York City. I’ve been there though. I’ve been everywhere. Literally.

(She sips the Vodka Blush, one hand on her knee)

You name a place and I’ve been there. Go ahead. Name a place.

ROSEMARY

Fairbanks, Alaska.

MS. CASTEVET

I’ve been there. I’ve been all over Alaska; Fairbanks, Juneau, Anchorage, Nome, Seward; I spent four months there in ‘78. Where are you from, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

I’m from Omaha, Nebraska.

MS. CASTEVET

Omaha is a good city.

ROSEMARY

What keeps you travelling?

MS. CASTEVET

I’d love to say it’s about exploring only, but it’s work too.

ROSEMARY

What’s your work?

MS. CASTEVET  
Well, I’m a doctor. A researcher, really. I was fascinated by the move towards living forever, doing away with disease and death for good. That became my calling. I loved the freedom it gave to focus on our work and not be hindered by formalities and satisfying a man or anything like that.

ROSEMARY

Very admirable!

A bell pings in the kitchen.

Steak’s ready.

(Standing up, glass in her hand).

Don’t rush your drink, now.

INT. MS. CASTEVET’S APARTMENT - (DUSK)

Rosemary and Ms. Castevet are sitting at the table, eating.

MS. CASTEVET

You ever read about religion? Heaven, that absurdity the men used to emphasize? The Pope and all that?

ROSEMARY

Of course, and I wish more people knew about it so I could use it as material. Seemed pretty helpful for the men but it’s funny to think some of us used to go along with it too.

Ms. Castevet laughs. Rosemary smiles and cuts her steak. It is difficult to cut, and flanked by peas and mashed potatoes. From her expression we can gather it doesn’t taste good either.

MS. CASTEVET

That’s just what it was. The costumes, the rituals. Funny stuff, really. I’d love to hear one of your routines. What an absurd idea that some angel would come and save us. Us women had to do that all ourselves.

INT. KITCHEN - (NIGHT)

It opens off the foyer. It’s small and it has a miniature greenhouse, which stands on a large white table near the one window. Goosenecked lamps with bright bulbs lean over it with a blinding white light, reflecting in the glass. In the remaining space the sink, stove and refrigerator stand close together with cabinets jutting out on all sides above them. Ms. Castevet stands at the sink washing up. Rosemary stands beside her drying. The pile of clean dishes beside her indicate that they have been in the kitchen for some time. While drying a dish, Rosemary turns and looks at the greenhouse.

ROSEMARY

I’d like to have a spice garden some day. I’m a country woman at heart.

MS. CASTEVET

You think there’s a point? A lot of these are healing and such, you know, it’s not just for fun.

ROSEMARY

I guess I didn’t know herbs still healed anyone. There’s a point, though. Life’s a beautiful thing, and I guess you need some plant to grow to help a woman grow or stay.

Ms. Castevet pushes a soapy sponge up and down inside a dinner glass. She is a slow and thorough washer. Rosemary has to wait each time, towel in hand, for the next piece.

MS. CASTEVET

Have you ever been sick, Rosemary? I’m sorry for the question, just I know a thing or two and would love to help.

ROSEMARY

No, never. Thanks to people like you, I got a vaccine right when I was created. It’s a miracle.

MS. CASTEVET

A lot of work went into those, I’ve heard. They were done just a few years after the men were gone.

ROSEMARY

What do you actually, I guess, fix now then? Who actually needs doctors?

MS. CASTEVET

Rosemary, I wish I could tell you it’s perfect, but it’s not. I’ve tried for the course of my life to fix every last thing, but it’s hard. A lot of sickness is based around that biological clock, the ticking that used to get closer to death, but that’s not all of it. Some of it is these horrible mutations that happen during life, it seems. I’ve been trying to stop those. All the knowledge in the world can only stop so much. I don’t talk about it often, though, and don’t go talking about it, either. Only since you asked. I don’t get pleasure from any of this, not like those male doctors and their money-fueled pills. This is just for my sisters, all of us. I’m trying my best.

ROSEMARY

I had no idea. It’s great to hear people like you are still putting in work after so much has been solved.

Ms. Castevet smiles at Rosemary. Rosemary smiles back but glances back at the wall of pictures and its inconsistencies. She gets a more neutral expression on her face.

INT. ROSEMARY’S APARTMENT - (DUSK) - August 31, 2010

Rosemary puts some music on, gets her laptop, and reclines on the new couch. The doorbell rings. She closes her laptop, gets up and goes to the door.

It’s Ms. Castevet and another woman Ms. Castevet’s same age.

MS. CASTEVET

Hey, Rosemary. Hope you weren’t busy. This is my friend, Laura-Louise McBurney, who lives up on twelve. Laura-Lousie, this is the woman I was telling you all about.

LAURA-LOUISE

Hello, Rosemary, welcome to the Bram!

MS. CASTEVET

I was just telling Laura-Louise about our great new neighbor. Can we come in?

Rosemary nods and shows them into the living room. They all sit down on the couch.

MS. CASTEVET

Oh, before I forget. This is for you.

Ms. Castevet hands Rosemary a small packet of pink tissue paper. Rosemary opens it up carefully. It is Terry’s silver filigree ball-charm and its clustered-together neckchain. She pulls her head away.

MS. CASTEVET

It’s kinda old, from around the early 80s. The green inside is called tannis root. It’s good luck.

ROSEMARY

It looks nice. Smells like crap but, hey, it’s part of the charm. I’m a little confused, though. Terry showed me a charm just like this, before, you know, what happened. Is this hers?

MS. CASTEVET

No, it’s just I have a few of them lying around. I know they’re stinky but I do believe they make quite the difference! It would mean quite a lot to me if you wore it.

Rosemary puts the chain over her head and tucks the ball into her pocket.

ROSEMARY

This’ll do just fine, Minnie. Thanks.

The three continue to converse and eventually play a heated card game.

INT. ROSEMARY’S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - September 3, 2010

Rosemary hears a knock at the door. She opens the door and finds Ms. Castevet, holding a plate of chocolate mousse.

MS. CASTEVET

I made a little extra of this dessert, chocolate mousse. I thought I’d make a little delivery for my new friend.

ROSEMARY

Thanks, Minnie! Looks great.

Rosemary takes the plate to her table, grabs a spoon, and eats it quickly. She eats it faster than she did the dinner Ms. Castevet made. She pauses and makes a pained expression. She heads straight to her bedroom, puts the covers over herself, and drifts off to sleep.

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - (DAY)

Rosemary sits in a hospital. She hears screams all around her and sees a horde of doctors and nurses going in and out of the rooms. A vast array of computers sit atop carts around the room, and some of the doctors type at them. The amount of pain she hears from the hospital rooms is surprising, as Rosemary thought diseases were no longer a problem in today’s society and that the great innovations of the past four decades had eliminated human suffering after the removal of men. A patient arrives on a stretcher, a woman Rosemary’s age. She resembles Terry, which makes Rosemary sad for her lost friend. Nobody acknowledges Rosemary, and she looks down at her own laptop but finds she cannot read the words on the screen. She attempts to speak but no words come out. A doctor approaches her frantically, asking if she is ill and needs to be treated. Rosemary attempts to speak but she is pushed onto a stretcher and rolled into one of the rooms alongside Terry, who is retching furiously.

INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Rosemary turns in bed and her eyes flutter open. She hears the doorknob turn and her eyes widen, but she cannot help but fall back asleep.

EXT.-INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - ( ? )

Back in the hospital, Rosemary lies on a bed. Many people enter the room. Rosemary sees Ms. Castevet and Laura-Louise in a black robe, followed by a dozen women she had seen in the Bramford. The women are chanting - flat, unmusical, foreign-tongued syllables - and a flute or clarinet accompanies them. Ms. Castevet approaches with a scalpel equipped with a laser and points it at Rosemary’s abdomen. Rosemary feels no pain but looks down and sees a slit in her internal organs. A figure in a doctor’s robes, horns, and glowing eyes slowly approaches the bed, smiling. It is SATANA.

SATANA

You were right, Minnie. She will be perfect. Imagine the amount of energy she will get for you at every one of her shows. Perfect for insertion and developing inside of her. Can I do the honors?

Ms. Castevet nods and hands Satana a bottle of a green liquid.

SATANA  
Thanks again for getting rid of Satan, Minnie. I almost think that pervert would’ve used an opportunity like this to make another baby without consent. Men are just so pathetic with that, they just want to see their progeny grow up and keep control over women like us. I’m glad you and I are focused on the bigger things. People need it, you know.

Ms. Castevet smiles. Satana pours the liquid into Rosemary’s abdomen. Ms. Castevet watches and points the laser at Rosemary again. Rosemary looks down and, with no sensation, her abdomen is sealed up. Then, she begins to feel a gurgling inside of her that seems too real to be only in a dream.

ROSEMARY

This is no dream. This is happening. Fuck off, you psychotic doctors.

MS. CASTEVET

You’re a part of something bigger, now. I know you won’t remember half of this when you wake up. You sure did like my little treat. Sleep well, Rosemary.

INT. ROSEMARY’S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEPTEMBER 4, 2010

Rosemary answers two knocks on the door and finds Ms. Castevet.

MS. CASTEVET

How’d you like the mousse, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

Honestly, loved it. Very unique flavor. I had the weirdest dream after, I’ll tell you that. You were even in it! I got really mad, too, I actually thought some of it was real.

MS. CASTEVET

I actually would have been able to predict that

.

(Ms. Castevet laughs)

DOesn’t happen in everyone, but the mousse uses some pretty unique ingredients that can be a bit of a hallucinogen. It’s fun for most people.

ROSEMARY

I do like a good adventure. Just felt like quite a Castevet-inspired dream, that’s for sure. Lots of hospitals.

They laugh.

EXT. OUTSIDE THEATER - (DUSK) - SEPTEMBER 6, 2010

Rosemary is pacing around the theater with her computer open preparing for a comedy routine. Her cell phone rings, and she picks it up.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Hey, Rosemary. Listen, I’ve learned some pretty messed-up shit about your neighbor, Minnie Castevet. I wanted to trust them, not to believe that stuff I told you about, but it’s too perfect. I took a look at the property listings to find her name. Remember when we talked about that New Age Medical Alliance? Well, turns out Minnie’s right at the center of it. I guess it’s not too likely anything’s wrong. It’s just, that shit about Marcato? I don’t even know where she is now, and she used to be part of the New Age Medical Alliance too, that doesn’t make any sense. How would a researcher at the forefront of saving lives and eliminating death just disappear? I think she might be Minnie Castevet and, I don’t know, I’m just worried about you. I didn’t think there was anything to be worried about without men but now I really am. There’s still a devil, I believe it. I had this dream of this beast who was shouting your name, asking for you. I think it was Satana.

ROSEMARY

Claire, I appreciate it, but it’s fine. I know I haven’t been in touch, I’m sorry about that. I’ve just been a little nauseous is all. Think I ate something weird a few nights ago. I don’t know, I’ve got a show happening right now, Claire. Can I think about all this? I’m just, I’m happy here.

(Rosemary coughs)

It was nice to give me the warnings and all but I just don’t believe it. Minnie’s a little weird, sure, but she’s just seemed sentimental about her guest that died.

A WOMAN peeks out of the theater and beckons Rosemary in.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

There’s more, though. The guest, Terry, Minnie only took her in–

ROSEMARY

I gotta go, Claire, they’re asking for me.

(Rosemary retches)

Men are the ones who would’ve tricked us and prayed to the devil and all that. I don’t buy it.

Rosemary puts her phone in her pocket and hangs up.

INT. THEATER - (DUSK)

Rosemary is on a large stage facing an audience of eager women of all ages, who sit in plain chairs. There are no ushers and the place is packed; nobody had to pay to be here. The audience laughs and cheers throughout Rosemary’s monologue.

ROSEMARY

These past couple days, I’ll tell you, what a shitshow. You fine women ever have a chocolate mousse? One of my neighbors made it for me, I hadn’t before but I’ll always try some new stuff from a woman’s heart. Well, it was horrible. I don’t think she knew which soft brown thing she’d stuffed into it because that was, in fact, more commonly called fecal matter. I’ve been sick since then. I told my neighbor it was great, just wanted to, you know, boost her spirits. This thing, though, it was bad. I mean, I genuinely considered if a man had made it. Since then, it’s felt a bit like something’s inside me. The damn mousse will not settle at all. It feels like it’s growing into something. That’s how bad it is, it’s still making me miserable.

(Rosemary coughs)

There it is again, it’s talking or something. “Let me out of you, Rosemary! I want to breathe the fire of manhood onto all your wonderful guests!” More like the shit of manhood. You know what, it’s the Men’s Auxiliary, I’m sure of it. Some guy must have made it at one of those Turd Sessions, but he made it out of himself! Dumb fuck.

(Rosemary coughs again)

This is actually, like, moving through me. Hasn’t even felt like food, almost. I’m a comedian though, and a woman, and we don’t need to worry about any of this, am I right? We live forever, we don’t get sick, we don’t need to fuck anymore. Everything’s good.

(Rosemary falls to her knees and starts gasping)

Alright, well. Fuck. I think we gotta cut this short. I’m just gonna catch–

LAURA-LOUISE (O.S.)

Rosemary! I’m coming up there, I’ll take you back home to rest a bit.

ROSEMARY

Oh, you. Damn. People, she’s a friend of my neighbor, another of my neighbors! I’m about to get busted.

(Rosemary has a coughing fit)

Well, better to figure out if some of that Auxiliary is living–

(Rosemary collapses)

LAURA-LOUISE

I got her, don’t worry. Minnie, can you get her legs?

Laura-Louise and Ms. Castevet pick up Rosemary and speak quietly, only heard by each other.

MS. CASTEVET

Good thing we were here. I guess there wasn’t a clear timeline or anything like that.

LAURA-LOUISE

Some mousse you must’ve made. Let’s hope it, well, not that, but that’s what Rosemary thinks, saves us.

They carry Rosemary through the crowd. Nobody is very concerned, and they continue to laugh, assuming either that this is part of the set or that Rosemary will be fine.

INT. MS. CASTEVET’S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Ms. Castevet and Laura-Louise carry Rosemary’s body from Ms. Castevet’s couch into another room in Ms. Castevet’s apartment. Portraits of various women line the walls, and a female red figure with glowing eyes appears in multiple portraits accompanied with fire that can only be associated with Hell. In one, Satan appears to be thrown into the fires of Hell, screaming.

They lay Rosemary’s body down on a makeshift operating table. Ms. Castevet removes the same scalpel seen in Rosemary’s dream and points it again at Rosemary’s abdomen. She removes a pair of gloves from pocket and puts them on carefully, then reaches inside Rosemary’s abdomen. She removes a metallic sphere with one red button and places it on the table.

MS. CASTEVET

It is done, I have it! I have Satana’s cure. Thanks to all of you, and the sacrifice of Rosemary, we will have no more sickness, and cancer will be cured.

A dozen women pour in from the adjacent rooms, eagerly approaching the object on the table.

LAURA-LOUISE

Minnie, what is it? It just looks like a sphere.

MS. CASTEVET

I don’t know, but we must trust Satana’s will. This has been growing in her for a long while with the help of her Tannis Root. It has to be the cure, but I’ve never seen anything like it. We must ask Satana. Let us chant.

The women begin to chant in an unknown language until the voice of Satana interrupts them.

SATANA

I gather you’re a little confused?

MS. CASTEVET

Yes, mistress. I don’t understand how this works. I have solved many of the persistent biological mysteries of our time and I have seen nothing of this sort. Remember when we cured the last case of Tuberculosis, and we learned it was just because of the male chromosomes running through us? You gave us Tannis Root, and that was the miracle and the cure. I do not blindly believe in you as a man would. I trust in you, but it must be mutual, and I have no way to use this metallic sphere or this button to cure cancer for all women.

SATANA

I guess you’ve seen nothing like it. Satan had showed me something similar. It’s a bomb, a nuclear bomb. If you press that button, your whole planet will be destroyed and your work will be for nothing.

MS. CASTEVET

Why the fuck would I do that after all I’ve done to keep the women on this planet alive? We finally accessed the data, escaped the constant snooping of men. I mean, this was so smooth! Rosemary trusted us completely because she never would have thought we would be diving into her business or usurping her privacy. Sure, she was logical, but she knew, in her heart, that we must be right. Terry only killed herself because she said in her note that she felt her insides exploding slowly, in a way she could not describe. She thought there was a man around, still trying to kill her. I think now it was this damn bomb. A male solution.

SATANA

How is it a male solution? Are you looking for power, Minnie, or just what’s best for everyone?

MS. CASTEVET

It’s not power I want, it’s preferably to keep all the women alive and have them stay that way. I can’t see how I could kill them.

Laura-Louise’s skin begins to light on fire. She screams.

SATANA

You called on me because I have power. I can do whatever I want. Satan’s evil came from the exaggeration of all of his male characteristics, and he worked for power. I could not be called anything besides, perhaps, inconsiderate and too obedient. This is the only way to cure cancer. It cannot happen otherwise. Some amount of death will always occur, even if significantly less. You must accept that you live in a utopia already, and if you do not, then you all deserve to die for your lack of gratitude.

Laura-Louise collapses to the floor and some of the other women rush to her side with Tannis Root and buckets of water.

MS. CASTEVET

I wouldn’t have sacrificed one of our own women if I’d known you would be so devious. I feel horrible about this. I would never invoke war or drop a bomb, I have no desire, none of the aggression men had. The New Era Medical Alliance is for the benefit of all.

SATANA

I’m sorry, Minnie, but you can’t mess with Hell. I’m afraid one of your own has already pushed the button.

A woman looks up at Ms. Castevet, sheepishly. The bomb begins to beep.

SATANA

You should have trusted your own work, really. The apocalypse isn’t a male fault or a female fault, it’s just you and your cult. Science would’ve gotten there, just as it was predicted. You just had to find a shortcut and hide the sickness. It’s so obvious that Rosemary even dreamt of it. I couldn’t help but give her a glimpse of the reality of the hospitals. Terry even went there in fear , you gave her so much pain.

Ms. Castevet looks at Satana with fear.

MS. CASTEVET

Satana, I’m not doing this for myself, it’s for every woman! Please, take me. Take only me. We’ll forget this ever happened. Another generation of doctors can take up the mantle, and if they call on you, remind them that they alone have what it takes.

SATANA

Very well. Eat the bomb, and end up just like Terry would have.

Ms. Castevet gulps nervously and approaches the bomb. She places it gently into her mouth, and her jaw expands to accommodate its great size.

MS. CASTEVET

Do I have your word that this will only kill me, and nobody else?

SATANA

Well, your fiery friend is already gone. Other than her, though, you’re fine. It’s been nice, Minnie. Thanks again for getting rid of Satan. Hell didn’t have to be so bad, you know. I still have all that dark magic and all, but the place itself is quite nice. It’s especially convenient when everybody has enough trust in life to keep going. We only have the most unlucky there and I am certain there will be less once cancer is truly cured. Goodbye, Minnie.

MS. CASTEVET

Goodbye, Satana.

(She tears up)

I’m sorry I said it was a male solution. I understand now. Perhaps I still had a bit of the voices in me telling me I couldn’t do it on my own, that I needed a shortcut. I was born to a man, after all. I hope that somebody more like Terry, more like this genius Rosemary can help us now.

Ms. Castevet appears to turn inside out and be lit on fire in an instant, and her corpse magically rolls alongside the dying Laura-Louise and the cut-open Rosemary. The other women begin to cry. The camera zooms out as the rest of the women in the room begin to scrub the walls of its imagery and put the bodies in bags to be disposed of.